

Homebound Apology

As the sun moves west, I step outside,
work gloves in hand and a green tote bag.

I slip on rubber boots, head down
the slope behind my house, where
at the bottom trees, grapevines,
wild roses push through the cover
of wintercreeper, where a creek
runs wide when rains rage
waters strong enough to move
rock and branch and carry
the dross of our modern world.

I fill my tote with plastic bottles,
crushed cans, broken glass
and more to haul back to the house,
separate trash from recyclables.'

I started this practice
to start a conversation
with creek, tree, vine,
to apologize to the Earth.

Why else a pandemic?

But there is no conversation.
The creek and trees keep their own counsel.
I don't know their language.
As I fill my tote with each day's haul,
I hope they understand mine.

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